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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Public and Private Life of John Howard, the Philanthropist; compiled from his own diary, confidential letters, &c. By James Baldwin Brown, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. London, 1818. 4to. pp. 690.

This, it will be seen, is a ponderous work, but its subject ought not to be lightly dismissed; and though we could have wished it to have been less tedious on many particulars, there are often, even in its minute parts, traits which it would have been a pity to omit. The Author seems deeply impressed with the importance of his undertaking, and, under these feelings, it is agreeable to reason that he should have considered every trifle connected with the life of Howard, of sufficient interest to be detailed to the world and to posterity. But in truth he has carried this principle too far, and the distinguishing fault of his publication is prolixity. The very Preface is infected with this vice, and may be held up as a beacon, to shew to what extravagant lengths the modern practice of "returning thanks to kind friends, and liberal promoters of one's design," &c. may be carried. The Author devotes more than a score of quarto pages to this "pleasing duty," and so bepraises thirty or forty people, as, we are sure, must wound their modesty, unless their vanity is of the strongest cast. We very much dislike this silly mode of flattery, and can never find a better opportunity of expressing our opinion, than when it appears so ill-placed as in the introduction to the memoirs of a man who stands pre-eminent above his kind, for retiring from every species of public approbation.

It is curious too, that this very work should be produced after his death, in opposition to his living wishes and endeavours. Whether the Author's defence is or is not valid, we leave to others to decide.

He (Howard) had at all times an unconquerable aversion to being held up to the admiration of his fellow-creatures. He, therefore, uniformly combated the remonstrances which Mr. Smith (his Pastor) occasionally addressed to him, on what he could not but consider, at times, a too scrupulous dislike to publicity. - - - This disposition he carried with him to his grave;

as, from his particular aversion to any thing being said of him in public, he now (setting out on his last journey) exacted from his friend a solemn promise, that in the sermon which he might preach upon [the] occasion of his death, he should not enter into any particulars of his life and actions. To the exposure of these to the public eye, his singular modesty had long engendered in his mind a rooted and insuperable dislike, thinking, as he did, that the world had no claim to know any thing of him, beyond what they were made acquainted with through the medium of his own publications. Further than that, he never wished to be known but to the circle of his chosen friends; and in order, *as much as in him lay, to prevent his being so after his decease*, he spent some time, during the last days of his residence at Cardington, in *destroying all the letters and papers which might be of use in such an attempt*. Some of these, and not the least interesting, happened, however, not to have been in his possession at this time, and have thus been preserved for the illustration of a character, which, however much opposed to his wishes, the general interest of society requires to be held up to the admiration and imitation of others.—pages 593, 4.

Whatever cause society may have to be satisfied with this argument, it is certainly a melancholy reflection, that the dying injunctions of the best of human beings are not of force to influence their nearest and dearest friends, after their bodies are laid in the grave. Mr. Howard successfully opposed the subscription to erect a statue to him during his lifetime; but not only has that deserved honour been done to his memory,* but the press has teemed with biographical memoirs of him, from Dr. Aikin's Sketch, and those contained in Sermons, and in the Gentleman's, Universal, and other Magazines, to the volume before us, swelled to its gigantic size, not only by some original documents, but by copious extracts from Howard's principal works, already well known to the general reader.

We shall be very concise in our abridgment of the incidents of this extraordinary and illustrious life.

John Howard was born at Clapton, in 1727, whither his father had retired, from the business of an upholsterer, in Long Lane, Smith's field, upon a large fortune acquired in trade. He was a man of parsimonious habits, had *fixed* for Sheriff of London, and belonged to the strict sect of

* In St. Paul's Cathedral; executed by Bacon,

Calvinistic Dissenters, in whose tenets his only son was brought up. John was nursed at Cardington, in Bedfordshire, where his father possessed some landed property. His first preceptor was a Mr. Worsley, with whom he remained seven years, and whose incompetency as a teacher is insisted upon. A more able instructor succeeded, Dr. Eames, of London, in whose school Dr. Price became his associate and friend for life. He does not appear, however, to have remained long enough under the tuition of Dr. Eames to acquire even moderate classical endowments, it being, perhaps, more consistent with his father's views, that he should receive merely a plain education, to fit him for the duties of a tradesman, for which he was destined. He was accordingly bound apprentice to Mr. Newham, a grocer; but his father dying before his term expired, he made use of his independence to relinquish groceries, and live upon his income. At the age of 24, he was entitled to the possession of 7000*l.* in money, and all the real property of his late parent; his only sister having 8000*l.* and half the personal property: but such was his steady conduct, that the executors to his father's will allowed him to enter upon the management of his estate at an earlier period. Mr. Howard now travelled into France and Italy, and was an ardent admirer of the Fine Arts. On his return, he lived at Stoke Newington, devoting himself to the study of Natural Philosophy and Medicine, the latter of which was so remarkably called into use by the events of his future destiny. At Stoke Newington, he lodged in the house of a lady of the name of Loidore, who paid him the tender attentions which a consumptive habit and ill health rendered so peculiarly gratifying, that he married her, anno 1752, the bride being in her 52d, and the bridegroom in his 25th year. The death of his wife dissolved this unequal match, within two or three years, and the widower, to divert his mind, sailed for Lisbon, then reviving from the dreadful shock of the great earthquake. On his passage, he was taken by a French privateer, and carried into Brest, where he lay in a dungeon for a week, and was afterwards sent to Morlaix and Carpaix, as a prisoner of war. Having, however, effected his exchange, the sufferings of confinement which he had witnessed produced that powerful and invincible propensity, to relieve the horrors of imprisonment, which, growing with his years, and strengthening with its own pursuit, exhibits him as one of the noblest examples of humanity, and has wrought so many blessings on behalf of the most unhappy of mankind.

He now bought another farm at Cardington, where he resided in philosophical ease, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal So-

ciety. On the 26th April 1758, he again entered into the state of matrimony, selecting on this occasion a young lady of respectable family, a Miss Henrietta Leeds, of Crockton, Cambridgeshire. Their union appears to have been every way eligible; but he had the misfortune to lose his direct and amiable partner in 1765, when she died in her 39th year, immediately after giving birth to a son, their only issue. Mr. Howard devotes a good deal of time and attention to refute an imputation thrown upon Mr. Howard, of want of natural affection for his boy. He contends, that he was never treated with undue severity, though his parent enforced the strictest notions of paternal authority, and demanded passive obedience to all his commands. On reviewing the whole of this part, it certainly strikes us that the child was disciplined, though not by stripes, into a state of *utter severity*, and we know too well what are the rash and buoyant spirits of youth, to believe that this could be accomplished by means likely to endear father and son in the after relations of life. We never see a child or an animal reduced to perfect obedience, without thinking that there must have been cruelty and hardship in the training; and in justice we must say, that our glorious philanthropist seems to have sadly mistaken the way in which it is wise to rear children. If it were so, his error was dreadfully visited, for this boy grew to man's estate, turned out prodigal, and died insane.

Previous to 1770, Mr. Howard took a fourth tour of pleasure upon the Continent, whence such of his letters as are preserved, breathe a rather wild religious enthusiasm: those of a later period are more temperate, though not more pious, for this eminent individual was, throughout his whole career, deeply imbued with a sense of his own imperfections, and of the sublime truths of the Christian dispensation. From his youth abstemious, he about this era formed a resolution never to drink wine or spirits, to which he adhered to the day of his death. He also abstained from animal food, and lived entirely upon vegetable diet, chiefly bread and green tea, with milk. In 1773, he was nominated High Sheriff of Bedfordshire, which appointment led him to a more intimate acquaintance than he before possessed, with the interior evils and miseries of some of our country's gables. This new stimulus whetted his almost blunted purpose, and he began those journeys of Gaol-inspection which ultimately extended over Europe, and only terminated with his life. It needs not our pen to trace the wretchedness, the vice, the barbarity, which pervaded those abodes of misfortune and of guilt, previous to the commencement of Howard's labours. The picture is every way shocking, and to the zeal and benevolence of this single man do we owe, that human nature has been greatly redeemed from the vile and bloody stain which lay upon it in this respect. His views were brought before Parliament, and his services acknowledged from the Chair of the Commons House, in

1774. Soon after, he published his celebrated work on "THE STATE OF PRISONS," detailing the abominations which existed, and proposing improvements, founded on the example of the Rasp and Spun-Houses in Holland. It is curious to remark, that the lesson of humanity was derived from a country not renowned for the finer feelings; but we imagine that the same economy which inspired the Dutch with the idea of drawing revenue from houses of a worse description, taught them to employ their prisoners in productive industry. The motive was profit, the effect moral reformation; the state sought emolument, and reaped the most desirable of all rewards, the restitution of good citizens from among the worthless and otherwise lost.

During the ensuing ten years, the unwearied Howard traversed Great Britain and Ireland many times, examining every prison, and investigating every abuse. He performed six journeys over Europe, and with unparalleled perseverance repeatedly inspected the goals of France, Holland, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Portugal, Spain, Italy, Malta, and Turkey. In short, there is no nation from whose practices he did not deduce his facts and build up his benevolent system for the benefit of his fellow creatures. In this immortal toil he travelled upwards of forty-two thousand miles. The literary results were the well-known publications of the "Appendix to the State of the Prisons," and the "Account of the Principal Lazarettos," &c.; from which works his biographer has copiously enriched the present production.

It was on his seventh and last journey that Mr. Howard was seized with a fever at Cherson in Russia, and died on the 20th or 21st of January 1790 (for the inscriptions upon his tomb and monument differ on this point.)—admired, and lamented, by the whole civilized world. His death was announced in the London Gazette, a distinction never conferred on any other private person.

There are a few other incidents belonging to this Memoir, which we shall briefly add. In 1774, he stood a contested election for Bedford, in concert with Mr. Whitbread, senior, to whom he was related. They were not returned, but, on a petition, Mr. Whitbread ejected one of the sitting members, and Mr. Howard came within four votes of turning out the other. In 1779, he was appointed, with Dr. Fothergill, and Mr. Whatley, supervisor under the act for erecting a Penitentiary, but his friend, Dr. F. dying, he and Mr. Whatley differed as to the proper site, and he retired in disgust at the end of two years. In 1777, he lost his only sister, who bequeathed him a large property in money, with a house in Ormond Street, in which he afterwards resided when in town. Notwithstanding that he so fixedly avoided public honours, it was impossible that so splendid a career of humanity could be run without having some worldly tributes paid to it. Several cities voted him their freedom; Mo-

narchs listened to his benevolent counsels; and from one extremity of Europe to the other, his name was pronounced with praises far beyond those ever bestowed on the greatest of conquerors or heroes.

Nor have posterity less cause to respect his memory and bless his godlike exertions. Reformation of long-existing abuses is of slow progress; but though much yet remains to be done to complete the work, let us not forget how much has been done to improve and amend the degraded of our species since John Howard first appealed to the public sense on the state of their criminality, their punishment, their guilt, and their sufferings.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Chronological History of Voyages into the Arctic Regions; &c.—from the earliest periods of Scandinavian Navigation. By John Barrow, F.R.S. London 1818. Svo. pp. 427.

This is a well-timed publication, when the attention of Europe is fixed upon the discovery of a Northern communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; and the name of its author is a sufficient guarantee for its possessing much to gratify the interest excited by this grand geographical problem. A few passages betray haste in composition, but, as a curious and faithful abridgement of the histories of northern expeditions, we can scarcely conceive that a work of greater merit could have been executed. An excellent map of the Polar regions is prefixed, and within the compass of one entertaining volume, the reader agreeably obtains full and accurate intelligence of all that has been achieved in this important investigation. The work indeed may be considered not only as useful in itself, but as forming a necessary prelude to those narratives which may be expected from the recent voyages of Captains Ross and Buchan.

In the compilation (says Mr. Barrow) no pretensions are set up to authorship—the collecting of the materials, though widely scattered through many large and some few scarce volumes, employed no great share either of the writer's time or research; in their present form they may be the means of saving both, to those who feel disposed to acquire a general knowledge of what has been and what yet remains to be accomplished.

The discoveries of Iceland, Greenland, Labrador, and Newfoundland, by the ancient Scandinavians, in their piratical excursions, though extremely amusing, can afford but little information in an abridgment suited to our limits. We shall therefore merely state that these

matters are treated of in the beginning of the volume; the voyages of the 16th century, including that of Davis, are contained in the second chapter; while the third is occupied with those of the century succeeding, and embraces, among others, Hall's (four,) Hudson's, Button's, and Baffin's expeditions. The attempts during the last century are described in Chapter IV. and include the Russian discoveries on the Northern Coast of Siberia; and the fifth and last chapter is a concise account of the equipment, objects, and earlier proceedings of Captains Buchan and Ross. There are two papers in an Appendix, the first relating to a journey into the interior of Newfoundland, and the latter a relation of the discovery of the Strait of Anian, by Maldonado, in 1588.

Such are the contents of this publication; and when we look back on the difficulties, adventures, perils, and often fatal consequences which attended the exploits of former navigators of the hyperborean seas, we feel a strong degree of satisfaction at the safe return of the late Expeditions. It is true that they have, especially that under Captain Buchan, disappointed the hopes formed of their ultimate success, and we imagine by no one more sanguinely than by the author of this History. That a passage from Baffin's Bay to Behring's Straits was to be found, was evidently a favoured hypothesis with him, as we confess it still is with ourselves; but it has induced him to undervalue some of the journals which militated against his opinion more than we should have been inclined to do, considering the veracity and intelligence of their writers in other respects. Even Baffin, the accuracy of whose observations Captain Ross has so amply corroborated, appears to be rather unjustly depreciated on this account. Of the voyage of Bylot and Baffin in the little bark, the *Discovery*, in 1616, the following is stated:—

On the 26th March, the *Discovery*, with seventeen persons on board, set sail from Gravesend; but the weather being boisterous, they were compelled to seek shelter, first in Dartmouth and then in Plymouth. They got away from the latter place on the 19th April, and, "after a good passage, the first land we saw was in *Fretum Davis*, on the coast of Greenland, in the latitude of 65° 20'." They proceeded northerly, without obstruction, to latitude 70° 20', and anchored in a fair sound near the *London Coast* of Davis. The natives all ran away, leaving their dogs behind them. Here the small rise of the tide being only eight or nine feet, gave Baffin "some dislike of the passage."

On the 30th May they reached *Hope San-*

deroon, the extreme point of Davis's progress, lying between 72° and 73°, and fell in with much ice, which on the 1st June they got clear of, and, the wind being contrary, put in among a cluster of islands; but on the natives seeing their ship they fled away, leaving their tents behind. They found several women, however, who had hidden themselves among the rocks, some of them young and others old, one of the latter being from her appearance little less than fourscore. To this group they gave the name of *Women's Islands*; the latitude of that nearest which they lay being 72° 45', the tide still small, and the flood coming from the southward. The inhabitants are described as very poor, living on seal's flesh, which they eat raw, and clothing themselves with their skins. The faces of the women were marked with black streaks. They seemed to worship the sun, pointing constantly to it and stroking their breasts, and calling out at the same time *Nyout*? The men and dogs are buried in the same manner, each having a heap of stones piled over them.

Departing from hence they stood away to the northward, between the ice and the land, being in a channel as it were of seven or eight leagues wide, till they came to the latitude 74° 4', when they found themselves much pestered with the ice; and here they dropped anchor near three small islands, which appeared to be occasionally visited by the people of the neighbouring coast. They then tried to make their way to the westward, but the ice was too firm to let them pass; and therefore they returned to some islands in latitude 73° 45' to wait till the ice (which they observed to consume very fast) should disappear. During their stay at this place, some forty of the natives came in their boats and exchanged seals' skins, sea morse teeth, and unicorn's horns, for small pieces of iron, glass beads, and such like. To this place they gave the name of *Horn Sound*.

On the 18th, on perceiving that much of the ice had already wasted, they proceeded northerly; but the weather was extremely cold with much snow, and Baffin says, it froze so hard, "that on Midsummer day our shrowds, ropes, and sails, were so frozen that we could scarce handle them." By the 1st July, being then in latitude 75° 40', they had got into an open sea, "which," says Baffin, "anew revived the hope of a passage." On the second they found a fair cape or headland, which they named *Sir Dudley Digges's Cupe*, in latitude 76° 35', and twelve leagues beyond this a fair sound, having an island in the midst, making two entrances. To this sound they gave the name of *Wolstenholme Sound*; it is described as having many inlets, or smaller sounds in it, and as a fit place for the killing of whales.

On the 4th, the weather being stormy, they found themselves embayed in a large sound, in which they saw so many whales that they named it *Whale Sound*: it lies in latitude 77° 30'. Between two great sounds was an island, which they called *Hakluyt's Island*, and the latter sound *Sir Thomas Smith's Sound*, which runneth to the north

of 78°, "and is admirable in one respect, because in it is the greatest variation in the compass of any part of the world known; for, by divers good observations, I found it to be above points or fifty-six degrees varied to the westward." To a cluster of islands Baffin gave the name of *Curry's Islands*, but he does not give their position.

The wind being favourable they stood to the south-westward, in an open sea, and with a stiff gale of wind, till the 10th, when it became calm and foggy; they were then near the land, in the entrance of a fair sound, which they named *Alderman Jones's Sound*. The boat was sent on shore, but it soon returned on account of the bad weather; no sign of people were seen, but abundance of sea morse among the ice. Standing on to the westward, they opened out, on the 12th, another great sound in 74° 20', which they named *Sir James Lancaster's Sound*. "Here," says Baffin, "our hope of passage began to be less every day than other, for from this sound to the southward wee had a ledge of ice between the shore and us, but clear to the seaward; we kept close by this ledge of ice till the 14th day in the afternoon, by which time wee were in the latitude of 71° 16', and plainly perceived the land to the southward of 70° 30'; then wee, having so much ice round about us, were forced to stand more eastward;" and in this direction they ran amongst the ice three score leagues, nor could they approach the land till they came to about 68°, and being then unable to get to the shore on account of the ice, they drifted down to 65° 40'. "Then," says Baffin, "wee left off seeking to the west shore, because wee were in the indraft of *Cumberland's Isles*, and should know no certainty and hope of passage could be none."

This voyage (adds Mr. Barrow,) which ought to have been, and indeed may still be, considered as the most interesting and important either before or since, is the most vague, indefinite, and unsatisfactory of all others, and the account of it most unlike the writing of William Baffin. In all his other journals, we have not only the latitude and longitude noted down, but the observations of the heavenly bodies from which they were deduced, and the arithmetical operation inserted; the longitude, the variation and declination of the magnetic needle, the courses steered, and a variety of particulars entered on the proper day; but in this most important voyage, purporting to have reached many degrees of latitude beyond any preceding voyage, and to have skirted the coast and islands of America, where the passage must have been found, if it has any existence, we have neither course, nor distance, nor variation of the compass, except once, and no one longitude whatever; so vague and indefinite indeed is every information left, which could be useful, that each succeeding geographer has drawn "Baffin's Bay" on his chart as best accorded with his fancy.

It may be observed, that this result was in great measure owing to the circumstance of Baffin's map of reference never having been printed; for it is now clear that he not only reached nearly if not quite as high a latitude, but correctly described the objects there presented to view, as Captain Ross with all his advantages has been able to do, excepting the discovery of a new race of people, certainly under the shade of a little romance if we rely on the Newspaper statements which have appeared concerning them. We presume that they are Esquimaux driven north by Indian outrage, for it is not easy to conceive that they have either originated in the latitudes where they are planted or been derived from higher. But it is premature to inquire into this matter; and we shall proceed to quote two or three other curious passages, relating to various epochs, as specimens of the work before us. In mentioning the navigation of the Portuguese family of Cortereal and their entrance of the St. Lawrence, it is said,

As to the name of Canada, which was given to the country on the right of the entrance, it was by many geographers confined to a village situated at the confluence of the Seguenal, and, according to most writers, originated in the following circumstance:—When the Portuguese first ascended the river, under the idea that it was a strait, through which a passage to the Indies might be discovered—on arriving at the point where they ascertained that it was not a strait, but a river, they, with all the emphasis of disappointed hopes, exclaimed repeatedly, *Câ, nada!*—(Here, nothing!) which words caught the attention of the natives, and were remembered and repeated by them on seeing other Europeans, under Jacques Cartier, arrive in 1534—but Cartier mistakes the object of the Portuguese to have been gold mines, not a passage to India; and if the Portuguese account be true, he also mistook the exclamation of *Câ, nada*, for the name of the country.

Here and in other parts Mr. Barrow cites the authority of Ramuzio, which is the more remarkable as he seems not to have consulted that author, when (page 269-70) he discredits Evelyn's Diary,* and excludes from the list of Northern navigators a Captain Baker, of whom that gentleman, in his Diary, says,

"1676, July 26, I dined at the Admiralty with Secretary Pepys, and supped at the Lord Chamberlain's. Here was Captain Baker, who had been lately on the attempt of the north-west passage. He reported prodigious depth of ice, blue as a sapphire, and as transparent. The thick mists were

their chief impediment and cause of their return."

Upon which Mr. B. remarks,

There can be little doubt that this odd jumble of mistakes, in the date, names, and objects, was meant to refer to Wood's failure, which, to use the words of a learned writer, "seems to have closed the long list of unfortunate northern expeditions in that century; and the discovery, if not absolutely despaired of, by being so often missed, ceased for many years to be sought for."[†]

Now, though we cannot at this moment refer to Ramuzio's work, which is very scarce, we will venture from memory to say that his authority may be cited in favour of the existence of Capt. Baker, and of some particulars respecting his voyage. It is remarkable that Mr. Barrow should have overlooked this.

A brief account is given of the origin of the Hudson's-Bay company, which may be an acceptable extract at a period when the disputes with Lord Selkirk confer notoriety on all its chartered privileges. One Grosseliez, a Canadian Frenchman, first projected an establishment on the coast of Hudson's Bay, in 1668, but his project was discountenanced by the Cabinet of Versailles.

Mr. Montague was at that time the English minister at Paris; and hearing of the proposal of Grosseliez, and its rejection by the French government, sent for him to explain his views; they appeared so satisfactory to the English minister, that he gave him a letter to Prince Rupert, with which he came over to England. Here he met with a different reception from that of his countrymen; he was immediately engaged to go out in one of his Majesty's ships, which was taken up for the voyage, not merely to form a settlement, but also to prosecute the oft attempted passage to China, by the north-west. In a letter from Mr. Oldenburgh, the first secretary to the Royal Society, addressed to the celebrated Mr. Boyle, he says, "surely I need not tell you from hence what is said here with great joy of the discovery of a north-west passage made by two English and one Frenchman, lately represented by them to his Majesty at Oxford, and answered by the Royal grant of a vessel to sail into Hudson's Bay, and thence into the South Sea; these men affirming, as I heard, that with a boat they went out of a lake in Canada, into a river, which discharged itself north-west into the south sea, into which they went and returned north-east into Hudson's Bay."

CAPTAIN ZACCHARIAH GILLAM was appointed to carry out the Frenchman to Hudson's Bay, and to make discoveries to the northward. He sailed in the summer of 1668, and is said to have proceeded as

far north up Davis's Strait as 75°, but nothing appears on record to justify such an assertion. On his return into Hudson's Bay, he entered Rupert's River on the 29th September, and prepared to pass the winter there. The river was not frozen over before the 9th December; and though considerably to the northward of Charlton Island, where James wintered, no complaint is made by Gillam of the severity or long continuance of the cold, which, on the contrary, is said to have ceased in the month of April. At this place Captain Gillam laid the foundation of the first English settlement, by building a small stone fort, to which he gave the name of *Fort Charles*.

Prince Rupert did not content himself with merely patronizing the voyage of Gillam. He obtained from King Charles a charter, dated in 1669, granted to himself and several other adventurers therein named, for having, at their own cost and charges, undertaken an expedition to Hudson's Bay, for the discovery of a new passage into the South Sea, and for the finding of some trade for furs, minerals, and other considerable commodities; it is stated that they had already made such discoveries as encouraged them to proceed further in pursuance of their said design; and that by means thereof great advantage might probably arise to the King and his dominions; and therefore his Majesty, for the better promoting of their endeavours for the good of his people, was pleased to confer on them, exclusively, all the land and territories in Hudson's Bay, together with all the trade thereof, and all others which they should acquire, &c. This extraordinary charter, with its sweeping privileges, has continued to be vested to this day in the Hudson's Bay Company.

Towards the conclusion of Mr. Barrow's work, there are several original pieces from MS. journals, which, however, are not so important as they are new. Lieutenant Pickersgill, sent out in 1776, and Lieutenant Walter Young, in 1777, added nothing to the store of preceding discoveries. Of Lieutenant Kotzebue's Expedition, the *Literary Gazette* has contained more particulars than any other publication whatever.

Our readers are aware that there have been some attempts made by land as well as by water to reach the Polar basin. Of these the most prominent were the journeys of Mr. Samuel Hearne in 1772, and of Mr. Alexander Mackenzie in 1789. By a glance at the map it will be seen that they have severally affixed their names to points of the North American continent, about the 70th degree of latitude, the former in 110, and the latter near 133 of west longitude. But it seems more than problematical that either ever reached the sea. We shall therefore abstain from noticing their narratives or pointing out their inconsistencies, and conclude with a brief account of Capt.

* See the admirable work lately published, "*Memoirs of Evelyn*," &c.; one of the most delightful books of the present day.—Ed.

† Introduction to Cook's last Voyage by Doctor Douglas, p. 28.

Buchan's expedition into the interior of Newfoundland, of which it is astonishing how little is really known at this day.

Since the first establishment of the fishery on the banks of Newfoundland, very little communication has at any time been had with the natives of this large island, and for more than half a century past none at all; indeed, it was considered by many as doubtful whether there were on the island any permanent inhabitants, or whether the Indians, sometimes seen on the western coast, did not come in their canoes across the Strait of Bellisle merely for the purpose of fishing and killing deer. A settler, however, reported that, in the autumn of 1810, he had discovered a storehouse on the banks of the River of Exploits. Upon this report, Sir John Duckworth sent Lieutenant (now Captain) BUCHAN, commander of the schooner *Adonis*, to the Bay of Exploits, for the purpose of undertaking an expedition into the interior, with a view of opening a communication with the native Indians, if any such were to be found. His vessel was soon frozen up in the bay; and on the 12th January 1811, Mr. Buchan began his march into the interior, along the banks of the river, accompanied by twenty-four of his crew and three guides; and, having penetrated about one hundred and thirty miles, discovered some wigwams of the natives. He surprised them; and their inhabitants, in number about seventy-five persons, became in his power. He succeeded in overcoming their extreme terror, and soon established a good understanding with them. Four of the men, among whom was their chief, accepted his invitation to accompany them back to the place where, as he explained to them by signs, he had left some presents which he designed for them.

The confidence by this time existing was mutual, and so great, that two of Mr. Buchan's people requested to remain with the Indians till his return with the presents. They were permitted to do so; and Mr. Buchan set out on his return to his depôt, with the remainder of the party and the four Indians. They continued together for about six miles (to the resting place of the night before,) when the chief declined going any farther, and with one of his men took leave, directing the other two to go on with Mr. Buchan. They did so till they came near the place to which they were to be conducted, when one of them became panic-struck, and fled. But the tempers of the two men were different. The latter remained unshaken in his determination, and with a cheerful countenance and an air of perfect confidence in the good faith of his new allies, motioned to them with his hand to proceed; disregarding his companion, and seeming to treat with scorn Mr. Buchan's invitation, to depart freely if he chose to do so. Soon afterwards the party reached their rendezvous; slept there one night; loaded themselves with the presents, and returned again to the wigwams. The

behaviour of the Indian remained always the same. He continued to shew a generous confidence, and the whole tenor of his conduct was such as Mr. Buchan could not witness without a feeling of esteem for him. On arriving at the wigwams they were found deserted, and the Indian became exceedingly alarmed. Many circumstances determined Mr. Buchan to let him be at perfect liberty; and this treatment revived his spirits. The party spent the night at the wigwams, and continued their route in the morning. They had proceeded about a mile, when, being a little in advance before the rest of the party, the Indian was seen to start suddenly backward. He screamed loudly, and fled with a swiftness that rendered pursuit in vain.

The cause of his flight is thus told in Mr. Buchan's Journal:—

We observed that for an instant he stopped to look at something lying on the ice; but in another instant we lost sight of him in the haze. On coming up we recognized with horror the bodies of our two unfortunate companions lying about a hundred yards apart; that of the corporal was pierced by an arrow in the back; and three arrows had entered the other: they were laid out straight with their feet towards the river, and backs upwards, their heads were off, and no vestige of garments left; several broken arrows were lying about, and a quantity of bread, which must have been emptied out of the knapsacks; very little blood was visible.

We are sorry that our limits prevent us from copying the notice of the habitations and manners, &c. of these savages; but as it is more curious than could be expected from so short and fatal an intercourse, we shall probably insert it in a future Number. In the meantime we take leave of this highly entertaining and interesting volume.

The Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c. By James Northcote, Esq. R. A. The second edition, revised and corrected. London, 1818. 8vo. 2 vols.

The words "second edition," in a work of this kind, are so presumptive of public opinion, that we hold ourselves absolved from the task of critical remark. Nor should we have taken up this publication for notice at all, had it not offered sufficient novelty and attraction in its additions, to warrant our transferring a few of them to our pages; where, if they appear to our readers as they do to us, they will be thought amusing, interesting, and instructive.

Mr. Northcote is full of pleasing anecdote, and if occasionally a familiar story creep in, it may readily be excused on the ground alleged by the author, viz. that he wished his picture to be

complete, and could not therefore reject incidents, merely because they had been presented before. We shall select a few of these little characteristic traits.

Portraits, in the time of Hudson, (Sir Joshua's master) were almost always in one attitude; one hand hid in the waistcoat, and the hat under the arm. But one gentleman, whose portrait young Reynolds painted, desired to have his hat on his head, in the picture, which was quickly finished, in a common-place attitude, done without much study, and sent home; where, on inspection, it was soon discovered, that although this gentleman, in his portrait, had one hat upon his head, yet there was another under his arm!

From the second portrait which Reynolds painted in the metropolis, that of William, second Duke of Devonshire, a print was taken in mezzotint, and it is said to be the first print ever taken from any of his works. [Above seven hundred were afterwards produced.]

At a venison feast, Reynolds addressed his conversation to one of the company who sat next to him, but to his great surprise could not get a single word in answer, until at length his silent neighbour, turning to him, said "Mr. Reynolds, whenever you are at a venison feast, I advise you not to speak during dinner time, as in endeavouring to answer your questions, I have just swallowed a fine piece of the fat, entire, without tasting its flavour."

There is only one marble bust of Sir Joshua, executed by Cirachi, an Italian sculptor. This Cirachi was a young man of some ability, but of a turbulent spirit, and had been driven from every country which he had visited. When he left England, he went to France, where he soon got himself guillotined for being concerned in a conspiracy formed against the life of Buonaparte, by means of a horrid contrivance which the French named the Infernal Machine.

One day when Lord Mansfield was sitting, Sir Joshua asked him his opinion, if he thought it was a likeness;—when his Lordship replied, that it was totally out of his power to judge of its degree of resemblance, as he had not seen his own face in any looking-glass, during the last thirty years of his life; for his servant always dressed him, and put on his wig, which therefore rendered it quite unnecessary for him to look at himself in a mirror.

A Clergyman, a friend of Mr. Opie's, declared to him that he once delivered one of Sir Joshua's discourses, from the pulpit, as a sermon, with no other alteration but in such words as made it applicable to *morale* instead of the *fine arts*: which (says the relater) is a proof of the depth of his reasoning, and of its foundation being formed on the principles of general nature.

To the foregoing (he continues) I take the liberty to add some lines by the well-known Peter Pindar, an which have never before appeared in print:

ADVICE TO YOUNG PAINTERS.

Study Sir Joshua's works, young men ;—
Not pictures only, but his pen :—
Who, when Cambrerian darkness wheel'd our isle,
Appear'd a comet in his art ;—
Bid nature from the canvas start,
And with the Graces bade that canvas smile.

Could Titian from his tomb arise,
And cast on Reynolds' art his eyes,
How would he heave of jealousy the groan !
Here possibly I may mistake ;
As Titian probably might take
The works of our great master for his own.

When Barry first showed some dilatoriness in preparing for his lectures as Professor of Painting, Sir Joshua made some remarks upon his conduct, to which Barry retorted with great insolence and brutality, saying, "If I had no more to do in the composition of my lectures than to produce such poor flimsy stuff as your discourses, I should soon have done my work, and be prepared to read."—Sir Joshua used to say, that as many of Barry's discoveries were new to himself, so he thought they were new to every body else.

One evening, at the Artists' Club, held at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard Street, Sir Joshua came into the room, having just before seen a very fine landscape, painted by Gainsborough, with which he had been exceedingly struck, from its extraordinary merit. He was describing its beauties to the members of the Club then present, and finished his eulogium by saying, "Gainsborough is certainly the first landscape-painter now in Europe;" when the famous Richard Wilson, the landscape-painter, who was one of the auditors of this high commendation, and who, from an excusable jealousy, felt himself offended, after begging leave to add also to this high character given of Gainsborough, said, "Well, Sir Joshua, and it is my opinion that he is also the greatest portrait-painter at this time in Europe." Sir Joshua felt the rebuke, and immediately apologized for his inattention in making the observation in Wilson's company.

But it is not with entertaining anecdotes alone that we have found ourselves gratified in perusing the new passages in these volumes (which additions are also published in the form of an Appendix, in 4to, to the first edition;) there are many observations on painting, and other subjects, conveying intelligence to the general reader and instruction to the artist. The following extract affords a contrast, as far as it goes, and we wish it went further, much in favour of the present state of the Arts in England:—

It was not long after the arrival of Mr. West in this country, from his studies in Italy, that he displayed his powers in historical painting in a most excellent picture: the subject of which was that of Pylades and Orestes, one of his very best works. As any attempt in history was, at that period, an almost unexampled effort, this picture became a matter of much surprise: his house was soon filled with visitors from all quar-

ters to see it; and those among the highest rank, who were not able to come to his house to satisfy their curiosity, desired his permission to have it sent to them, nor did they fail every time it was returned to him, to accompany it with compliments of the highest commendation on its great merits. But the most wonderful part of the story is, that notwithstanding all this vast bustle and commendation bestowed upon this justly admired picture, by which Mr. West's servant gained upwards of thirty pounds for showing it, yet no one mortal ever asked the price of the work, or so much as offered to give him a commission to paint any other subject. Indeed there was one gentleman so highly delighted with the picture, and spoke of it with such great praise to his father, that he immediately asked him the reason he did not purchase, as he so much admired it, when he answered—"What could I do, if I had it? you would not surely have me hang up a modern English picture in my house, unless it was a portrait?"

Mr. West, in our time, sold his Christ Healing the Sick to the British Institution, for 5000*l.* and was offered 10,000*l.* for his Death on the Pale Horse; which the public crowd to see, and we should suppose that the amount paid for admission, at a shilling for each individual, exceeds (when the town is full) 30*l.* per diem!! Such is the difference in half a century. The origin of another alteration, not perhaps so favourable to the arts, as it regards the permanency of colours, is thus described:

It was of advantage to the old school of Italian painters, that they were under the necessity of making most of their colours themselves, or at least under the inspection of such as possessed chymical knowledge, which excluded all possibility of those adulterations to which the moderns are exposed. The same also was the case in England, till the time of Sir Godfrey Kneller, who, when he came to this country, brought over a servant with him, whose sole employment was to prepare all his colours and materials for his work. Kneller afterwards set him up as a colour-maker for artists; and this man's success, he being the first that kept a colour-shop in London, occasioned the practice of it as a trade.

Sir Joshua was ever careful about procuring unadulterated articles of every sort, and has often desired me to inform the colour-man, that he should not regard any price that might be demanded, provided the colours were genuine.

In his investigations also into the secrets used by the old painters, he was indefatigable. I remember once in particular, a fine picture of Parmegiano, that I bought by his order at a sale; which he rubbed and scoured down to the very pannel on which it had been painted, so that at last nothing remained of the picture. Speaking to him of the extraordinary merits of Titian, I

asked him, if he thought there ever would be in the world a superior in portrait-painting? he answered, that he believed there never would—that, to procure a real fine picture by Titian, he would be content to sell every thing he possessed in the world, to raise the money for its purchase; adding, with emphasis, "I would be content to ruin myself."

From a multitude of MS. memoranda kept by Sir Joshua when at Rome, and afterwards, we select a few specimens:

All games of recreation are an imitation of enmity.

The younger pupils are best taught by those who are in a small degree advanced in knowledge above themselves, and from that cause proceeds the peculiar advantage of studying in Academies. [This is the principle upon which the improvement in modern education has been founded.]

Genius begins where Rules end.

Real greatness is that which presents less by far to the sense than to the imagination.

The very foundation of the art of painting is invention; he who most excels in that high quality, must be allowed to be the greatest painter, in what degree soever he may be surpassed by others in the more inferior branches of the art.

Never give the least touch with your pencil till you have present in your mind a perfect idea of your future work.

A fine tragedy, in the reading, is like a fine drawing by a great master; but when exhibited on the stage, seems as if it had been coloured by a vulgar hand to make it appear natural.

A man subject to anger, is, beyond all comparison, to be preferred to him who is never angry.

The fine arts (particularly painting) are as mirrors reflecting the charms of nature, which few are capable of seeing in nature herself.

Bashfulness denotes strong sensibility, and seems to waver betwixt pride and humility.

Dress is a strong indication of the moral character.

Benefits strengthen the ties of virtuous friendship; but, where there is a deficiency of virtue, generally have a contrary effect.

With this aphorism, which displays an intimate acquaintance with human nature, we conclude; and merely subjoin two curious facts, the diffusion of the latter of which we hope may elicit the production of its subject.

The only two pictures which Sir Joshua ever marked with his name are those of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, and of Mrs. Cockburn and her three children. He wrote it on the embroidered edge of their garments in both instances.

Oliver Goldsmith once read to a lady several chapters of a novel in MS. which he did not live to finish, now irrecover-

ably lost. The same lady, Mr. Northcote informs us, has some of his poetry never yet published.

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS,
FOR SEPTEMBER 1818.

(Continued.)

Art. II. *Traité des Maladies des Yeux*; i.e. Treatise on the Diseases of the Eyes; with coloured plates of these diseases after nature: followed by the description of the human eye. Translated from the Latin of S. T. Soemmering, by A. P. Demours. Three volumes 8vo. and one volume in 4to. containing 68 plates.

We have transcribed at length the title of this work, as we do not intend to dwell long upon it, because, however important in itself, the subject is chiefly interesting to the medical profession, who are well acquainted with the name of Demours, which affords another honourable instance of hereditary talents, in addition to those of the families of Bartholin, Geoffroi, and Petit. The work now published by M. Demours is the result of his father's practice during half a century, and of his own for twenty years. It is divided into four distinct parts, viz. 1. A description of all the diseases of the eye, classed in systematic order. 2. A series of observations, collected by Peter Demours, the author's father, and by the author himself. 3. The description of the human eye, translated from the Latin of Soemmering. 4. The plates, and the description of them.

Art. III. *Nouvelle Refutation du Livre de L'Esprit*.

The once so highly celebrated work of Helvetius has now, we believe, very few readers, comparatively speaking, in this country, and the number of those who may interest themselves in the New Refutation is probably very small. From the review given by M. Cousin, it seems that the anonymous author has produced an estimable work; but the reviewer appears to think that he has not quite succeeded in substituting a more tenable system for the different assertions which compose the work of Helvetius. "It is already doing much," says M. Cousin, "to forsake the ways of Helvetius; but those of Smith, though more noble in appearance, are not more sure. If it became me to propose guides, I should mention with more confidence Plato, and particularly Zeno."

IV. *Crates and Hipparchia*; a novel by Wieland. Followed by the *Pythagorean Women*, by the same author. Translated (into French) by M. Vanderbourg.

It is generally said that Wieland was the Voltaire of Germany. There is some truth in this comparison, which however, like all other comparisons, fails in several points: first we find in Voltaire a greater diversity of talents; and, particularly in poetry, talents of a higher order, the equivalent of which we do not find in Wieland. In prose, it is more easy to compare them: it is

in the numerous productions of this kind, the fruits of an elegant and fluent pen, that we may recognise a turn of mind nearly similar; the same taste for philosophical and often anti-religious raillery; the same acute and penetrating spirit, which made them catch the ridiculous sides of several modern institutions, to represent them under the mask of foreign or antique manners: lastly, we discover in the one as well as in the other, that rare variety of knowledge and studies which was required by the numerous subjects, of manners, criticism, and taste, on which they exercised their pens.

But in this last point, it must be confessed (if we will be just) that Wieland was far superior to Voltaire. The prevailing taste and education of his country had caused him to acquire much more solid knowledge, and a far more classical kind of instruction. If he had received from nature less imagination, if he had had less of what is called *genius*, he would have been a philologist of the first order; a distinguished antiquarian; he would have shone at the head of the men of erudition of his age; witness his *Epistles* and *Satires* of Horace; witness his translation, and his commentary of the *Epistles* of Cicero, a work in which he has joined to the learned remarks of the critic, observations that are still more learned, on the manners, the government, and the policy of the celebrated era in which the Roman orator flourished.

Deeply imbued with the study of the ancients, of their writings, and of their monuments of every kind, Wieland is, perhaps, of all modern writers, he who has penetrated the farthest and the most happily into the secrets of their opinions and manners. Naturalized, if we may so speak, by the profoundness of his studies, with the nations of antiquity, he had acquired a wonderful facility in producing portraits of them, which seem drawn after nature—retracing their characters not in a vague and trite manner, but with the details and varieties of the places, and of the different eras of these people.

To this he owed his taste for historical novels, a species of composition which is justly censured, when, choice being made of subjects too well known or too near to us, the author changes at his pleasure all the facts, substitutes for the fidelity of the portrait the caprice of an imaginary painting, and thus transforms reality into fiction. But it would be unjust to apply this rigour of judgment to the historical novels of Wieland; for, by the effect of an entirely different system, his compositions tend only to give again the value of a real existence to personages who have become shadows for us, to facts and to opinions, which time and destruction have transmitted to us only in a state of incoherence and uncertainty. They are ingenious frames, in which the scattered fragments of a damaged painting recover in some measure their ancient ensemble.

The historical novels of Wieland may

also be considered as a species of dramas, in which, exercising the liberty granted to the poet who treats of ancient subjects, the author is in fairness no further bound than not to disfigure the truth of facts and characters, and he will then have fulfilled all the conditions of this species of writing: and it must be said that he will have fulfilled also the obligations of it, if what he invents is employed only as a means to give more relief to the spirit of the characters, of the manners, &c. to render more striking the characteristic and general traits, which escape the vulgar eye, and of which the man of genius knows how to compose the ideal of a people or of an age.

Thus several of Wieland's novels, such as *Aristippus*, *Agathon*, *Democritus*, *Peregrinus*, *Proteus*, and *Agathodæmon*, have become real moral and philosophical histories, where he who has not himself drawn from the fountains of antiquity finds at once instruction and entertainment, and where the man who has studied the originals enjoys no less pleasure in seeing the solid notions which he had acquired, disguised perhaps, but often embellished, under the veil of an ingenious fiction.

It will be presumed that Wieland has of course given to most of these compositions a moral tendency, which answers to what is called the moral of a fable; this tendency is evident under the colours and forms of the costumes, to which he has always been faithful. Sometimes, too, yielding, as the dramatic author often does, merely to the impulse of his genius, he has composed those little pictures of which his pen has been so fertile, in which we can hardly find any very marked intention of moral instruction. *Crates and Hipparchia* seems to be of this class. We may, perhaps, be allowed to doubt whether, in writing this little work, Wieland had any other motive than the pleasure its composition gave him.

It is founded on a fact, which the history of the ancient philosophers has preserved to us. The young and beautiful Hipparchia, daughter of one of the most considerable and richest citizens of Athens, smitten with the charms of wisdom, prefers the lessons of a course of philosophy to all the amusements and enjoyments of her age and rank, and attends the lectures of the Cynic Crates, with whose doctrine she is so charmed that she falls in love with the teacher. But (what to modern apprehension will appear still more extraordinary) as in Greece, to attend the lectures of a philosopher, to adopt his doctrines, and become his disciple, did not mean barely to listen to fine phrases, and pass some agreeable moments in hearing noble sentiments inculcated; but putting them in practice, and conforming one's conduct and life to the practical system of morals, of which the master himself was bound to give the example. Hipparchia, in attaching herself to the philosophy and the person of Crates, was necessarily led to adopt, in all their consequences, the austerity of the opinions of the philosopher, the roughness of his manners, the

severity of his doctrines. Here too history assists the novel, by informing us of two circumstances respecting this philosophical passion, which increase in our eyes its merit and its singularity: the one, that the fair Hipparchia, brought up in the luxury and opulence of her rank, laid aside the diaphanous lawn of Tarentum, for the coarse cloth of the School of Diogenes; the other, that though promised to one of the handsomest and noblest young men of Athens, she refused every thing, fortune, public consideration, the pleasures of life, to obtain the hand of a dirty and disgusting Cynic, who was even deformed, for Crates was humpbacked.

This story, it is evident, gives ample opportunity to develop sentiments of an uncommon kind; and this subject, which would be unsuitable for the stage, because the eye would be offended by it, afforded the writer an ingenious argument, to extol, at the expense of personal beauty, that moral beauty, which, as Wieland says, inspires, by its very nature, a love which is the more violent, as it is capable of weakening the impression of ugliness and deformity. The plot or action employed by Wieland to develop this truth is extremely simple.

Hipparchia, and her companion Melanippe, had agreed to disguise themselves in male attire, to attend the lessons of Crates, and to exchange their names for those of Hipparchides and Melampus: now it happened that under this disguise, the new disciple had singularly attracted the attention of the philosopher. Unknown to each other, a sympathetic attachment had been formed between them, and when the master learned by a letter from the disciple the secret of her disguise, and that Hipparchides was the fair Hipparchia, a certain joy, blended with an extraordinary presentiment, soon revealed to him a secret of a different kind, the mystery of which he had hitherto been unable to explain. It is on this confidence that the whole correspondence of the novel is founded: the sentiments excited in each of the two lovers by the struggle in their hearts between love and virtue, constitute the interest of the action, in which the greatest heart was to triumph over the singularity of the situation of each character. "Could you ever have believed it possible," writes Crates to Diogenes, "that thy friend Crates, with his forehead a cubit broad, his faun's nose, and the little bundle which he has upon his back, his cloak and staff, in the manner of Diogenes, and his net income of three oboli per day, would be foolish enough to fall in love with the richest and most beautiful girl in Athens, and happy enough to be loved by her?"

Meantime Hipparchia had consulted Crates on the conduct she ought to pursue towards her father, who wished to marry her to the handsome and rich Leotychnus. "Am I bound," she says, "by love for my father, to sacrifice the happiness of my life to his wishes? Have I then no duties towards myself?" The answer of Crates to this letter inculcates the purest morality. "What is virtue," he says, "if it is dis-

couraged by a sacrifice which duty prescribes? But have not I duties also to myself? asks ill-disguised self-interest. No, Hipparchia! we have duties only towards others. Man has duties to his parents, to his country, to mankind in general, to all nature; for all nature has claims upon him, which are lost as soon as he ceases to recognise and to fulfil the duties which flow from them. As for what are called the propensities of nature, we may depend upon the force of instinct; we are but too certain that they will have their effect; and it is deceiving ourselves to pretend to elevate them to the rank of duties. Whenever that happens we may be assured that we cherish some secret desire to elude real duties from interested motives."

Wieland has shewn great art in confining to a narrow space the developments necessary to the interest which the situation of his characters should excite. This just measure constitutes the charm of his little work; the plot is not intricate enough to acquire a laborious solution; all the incidents are contrived to bring it about without difficulty. The point is, to make the father of Hipparchia consent to an union which at first disgusts him: his prejudices against Crates are to be overcome. This is chiefly effected by Metruclus, a brother of Hipparchia, who had been formerly reformed by the lessons of the philosopher, whose disciple he was, and who returns to Athens from his travels. Being informed by Diogenes of the attachment of Crates to his sister, he exerts himself to bring about their union. He succeeds chiefly by means of an interview which is contrived between the father and the philosopher, who, without knowing each other, meet, converse together, and please each other; all is discovered; the father learns the generous conduct of the philosopher, in advising his mistress to renounce him and submit to her father's will. He is vanquished by the union of whatever can triumph over the prejudices of a sensible man.

The little essay on the Pythagorean Women, which M. Vanderbourg has translated to complete his second volume, has nothing of the nature of a novel, but is rather a piece of historical erudition. It contains every thing interesting that could be collected respecting the women who belonged to the sect of Pythagoras, with the translation of the only writings of those women which time has spared.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GERMAN LITERATURE: BELLES LETTRES.

An early friend of Schiller's, Joseph Charles Mellish, Esq. now British Consul General to the Hanseatic Cities, and residing in Hamburg, has just published, in a very elegant volume, Poems in the German language, which, for poetical excellence, and the purity of the German, leave nothing to be desired, and only cause us to regret that their number is too small. Mr. Mellish lived, in 1795 and the following

years, at Weimar, enjoyed the friendship of Schiller and the other great geniuses who then resided there, and contributed German poems to Wieland's "German Mercury," and other publications. At the same time he translated Schiller's Mary Queen of Scots into English, and also Goethe's Masque Neoterpe. After a lapse of 22 years, he now collects the fruits of his muse, which he has dedicated to the high-spirited Grand Duchess of Weimar, who is so highly revered for the courage she displayed toward Napoleon. His Song to Schiller, his Ode on Schiller's death, the affectionate lines to his Wife, on Baroness Stein (of an old family in Franconia) his "Minstrel," admirably translated from Walter Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, will be read with pleasure by every German scholar. In the same volume, which is adorned with 30 well engraved vignettes, there are some good translations from the German and the Greek, and good Latin poems.

Great praise is due to the new translation of all the plays of Shakspeare, by John Henry Voss, in Heidelberg, (the celebrated translator of Homer, Horace, Virgil, and Aristophanes,) and his two sons. It surpasses in fidelity the translation in verse made by F. A. Schlegel, 20 years ago, (in 9 volumes, it was never completed,)—and has, besides, the advantage of a commentary at the end of each piece, in which the allusions to the manners of the times, and other obscurities, are cleared up. Among the pieces in the two volumes which have been already published, are Romeo and Juliet, and the Merchant of Venice, which, being favourites on the German stage, are also printed apart.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, NOVEMBER 21.

On Thursday last, November the 19th, the following Degrees were conferred:—

Charles Giles Bridle Daubeny, M.A. Student in Medicine and Fellow of Magdalen College, was admitted Bachelor, and had a License to practise in medicine.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—William Henry Cooper, and Augustus Clissold, of Exeter College; John Farlam, of Queen's College; Charles Davenport, of Worcester College; William Lewis Davies, Fellow, and James Hutchins, of St. John's College; Charles Austen, of University College; Charles Carr Clarke, and William Hiley Bathurst, Students, and Bennett Gosling, of Christ Church; Alfred Butler Clough, Fellow of Jesus College; Donald Cameron, Scholar, and Henry Barrow Evans, of Wadham College; Anthony Jackson Drury, Scholar of Trinity College.

CAMBRIDGE, NOVEMBER 20.

William Greenwood, Esq. B.A. of Corpus Christi College, was on Tuesday last elected a Fellow of that society.

The Rev. Richard Haggitt, B.A. of Clare Hall, was on Wednesday elected a Fellow of that society.

Edwin Colman Tyson, Esq. B.A. of Catharine Hall, was on Tuesday se'night

ected a Skirne Fellow of that society, in the room of the Rev. Richard John Geldart.

Paris Oct. 2.—The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres elected M. Jomard to succeed the late M. Visconti. On the 26th of the same month, it elected M. Dureau de Lamalle, in the room of the late M. Millin.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Lieut. King, in the Mermaid Schooner, writes from Java, that he has examined the whole north-western coast of New South Wales, and particularly that part behind Rosemary Islands, where Dampier thought there was a strait or some great river; but he found none. At the bottom of Van Dieman's Bay, however, he fell in with three branches of a river, forming an extensive Delta, and proceeded 50 or 60 miles up one of them, at which place it was about 150 yards wide—the whole country alluvial and perfectly flat, as far as the eye could reach, and beyond which the tide was observed to flow. Lieut. King had heard nothing of Freycinet, and he certainly had not been on any part of the western coast. The last accounts, indeed, which the French journals give us of this person, were received from Port Louis in the Isle of Bourbon, whence he wrote home, and sent a collection of natural history, birds, fishes, and plants, for the Museum at Paris. His declared object is the discovery of new lands towards the Antarctic Pole.

CAST IRON.

The use of cast iron has become very general in Russia; it is formed into balconies, staircases, ornaments in relief for the fronts of houses, &c. Prince Labanoff has lately built a palace at St. Petersburg, on which he has expended upwards of three millions and a half of roubles, and he has ordered forty-two colossal pillars and the architectural ornaments for the grand front to be cast at one of the principal iron-foundries in Russia. In the gardens of Zarkozelo, an immense triumphal arch of cast iron was erected some months ago: this gigantic mass was fitted up in the short space of four days. Since that time, the Emperor Alexander has given orders for the construction of a pavilion, of which the walls, cupola, peristyle, &c. are all to be of cast iron.

THE FINE ARTS.

ENGRAVED PRINTS.

A whole-length Portrait of his Grace the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, dedicated to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, by S. Forster, (the Engraver) from an original painting by M. Gerard.

It is not without feelings of particular interest that we regard the Portrait of so illustrious a character in our own country, from the pencil of the first portrait painter in Paris, M. Gerard; and should we in

the course of these remarks appear to indulge a portion of national feeling favourable to the state of British art, we trust that our claims to distinction and even superiority will be allowed, when we shew the grounds on which such claims are made.

In considering the Portrait before us, it must be acknowledged that it has much of what our Artists are too apt to neglect, great care in the detail, and especially in the drawing of the hands; the attitude is easy and natural: but here the encomium must end, as far as the painting is concerned; for the likeness is equivocal, the design common-place, and the back-ground unsuitable;—every thing appears artificial and constrained—the hat thrown upon the ground, the hair curled and prim—while the relief is given to the head by a branch of a tree, looking as if it was placed there for such a purpose, the body of the tree also forming a parallel line with the figure of the Duke.

Every one conversant in art is acquainted with the importance of the back-ground and its accessories to every painting, and it is by the judicious management of these that our Portrait Painting ranks so high in the scale of Art,—so much so, as scarcely to place it far below history. The intellect and talent which has been brought to bear on this part of painting, is sufficiently evinced by the inimitable portraits from the pencil of the late Sir Joshua Reynolds; and without selecting particular instances, it would be sufficient to produce any portion of them, in the way of comparison furnished by prints, against those of H. Rigaud,* with all the excellence of the burin to hance the latter:—it would then instantly be seen by what qualities of art the works of the former are found to possess their superiority;—in the fitness of the accessories and management of the Fond to the character and expression, uniting in them the light and shade of the Flemish, with the brilliancy of the Venetian School.

It is difficult to say under what circumstances or with what feelings M. Gerard painted the Duke of Wellington, or how far any thing national led him to place his subject in so quiet a situation, and with so little to distinguish the Hero; but our recollection furnishes us with examples, in which the artists of our own country have displayed their abilities on the portraits of eminent persons connected with the French nation.

There is a Print, from a painting by Northcote, in which Buonaparte is represented crossing the Alps; he is seated on horseback, and the elevated situation which he occupies is rendered strikingly wild and sublime by the chaotic appearance of the back-ground; while the steady dignity of the figure, amidst a scene of such desolation, adds to the contrast and grandeur of the whole, highly creditable to the talents of the Artist.

* The celebrated French artist, Hyacinth Rigaud, from whose works so many prints were published.

We mention another—a whole-length portrait of Andreossi, painted in crayons by the late J. R. Smith; in which dignity of character is united with the excellence of art.

From these instances we infer that our painters considered themselves at liberty, on whatever subjects they were employed, to consult the credit of their profession in preference to any thing like illiberal feeling. We do not accuse M. Gerard of purposely sinking into mediocrity, or "painting down to the English taste;" but so much has been assumed by foreign Artists, and so much has been allowed in their favour by the ignorant of our own country, that we are called upon to check and counteract any bias or partiality for such false principles and bad taste.

The contempt thrown out by Madame Le Brun, when in this country, on the works of our best Artists, drew from the pen of the late Mr. Hoppner, on the individuality and detail of French Art, the following sarcastic lines:—

Where burnish'd beads, silk, satin, laces vie,
In leaden lustre with the gooseberry eye,
Where broadcloth breathes, to talk where cushions
strive,

And all but Sir, or Madam, are alive.

Without stopping to discuss the merits of the broad and free style of painting, or advancing any thing on the compatibility or incompatibility of their union, it may be quite proper to call the attention of those whom it much concerns, to secure those rights and that distinction which threw the balance so much in favour of English art on the Continent, and which has been less lost by the war or the times, than by a spirit of trade; which led their employers to substitute a worse for a better commodity, in the neglect or want of that discrimination which should have guided their choice, as to the subject, the artist, and the engraving.

Of the Print from the painting of M. Gerard, we have only to say, it does credit to the skill of S. Forster, who has bestowed an attraction upon the subject much beyond what (in our eyes) the painting, as a work of art, could ever have possessed.

The King of the Netherlands has sent 500 florins to the subscription opened at Bruges for erecting a monument to the memory of John Van Eyk, commonly called John of Bruges, supposed to be the inventor of Oil Painting.

Sir T. Lawrence, says a letter from Aix-la-Chapelle, in the *Times* newspaper, will be over with his business by the time that the Congress has finished theirs. The Emperor Alexander is now nearly as far advanced as the Emperor of Austria, but will not make so good a picture. The former is painted in an awkward but favourite attitude, with his chest narrowed, and his shoulders drawn together, by having his hands folded over each other in front—an attitude against which the artist should have remonstrated. Neither is the face so striking a likeness as that of the Emperor

Francis; and this Monarch, who is said never yet to have been well painted, must still remain without an eminently good portrait. Prince Metternich's almost lives and breathes.

A transport has arrived from Leghorn, having on board a variety of presents from the Grand Duke of Tuscany for the Prince Regent. They consist principally, of a large beautiful white marble vase, weighing thirty tons, a complete series of casts from the celebrated sculptures of Niobe and her Children; a variety of other casts from Athenian antiques; and alabaster and marble ornaments, of exquisite workmanship. These, it is understood, are in exchange for a set of casts from the Elgin marbles, of which the Prince Regent made a present to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[Literary Gazette.]

SKETCHES TAKEN FROM DOVER CASTLE DURING A STORM.

IV.

CONCLUSION.

O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Hamlet.

'Tis midnight. Eyeless Darkness like a blind
And haggard witch, with power to loose and bind
The spirits of the elements at will,
Draws her foul cloak across the stars, until
Those Demons she invoked to vex the waves
Have dived and hid them in their ocean-caves:
And they are fled—though still the mighty heart
Of Nature throbs: and now that bag-dust starts
(Her swarth cheek turning pale in bitter spite)
For thro' her brow she feels the cold moonlight
Shoot like a pain, as on a western hill
The setting Planet of the night stood still,
Just parted from a cloud: no more the blast
Wailed, like a naked spirit rushing past,
As tho' it sought a resting place in vain:—
The storm is lull'd: and yet, it is a pain
To tell what wreck and ruin strew'd the shore—
Each wave its freight of death or damage bore!
Here, stain'd and torn, a royal flag was cast;
There lay a broken helm, a shatter'd mast;
And oh, the saddest relic of the storm,
Yon wave conveys a seaman's lifeless form!

'Tis morn—the waning mists with shadowy sweep
Draw their cold curtains slowly from the deep:
'Tis morn—but gladness comes not with her ray:
The bright and breathing scene of yesterday
Is gone, as if that swift-consuming wing
Had brush'd the deep which smote Assyria's king,
And left his Host, like sear leaves, withering!
The sea swells full, but smooth—to Passion's
thrill,

Tho' spent her tempest, heaves the young heart
still:

A bleakness slumbers o'er it—here and there
Some desolate hull, forsaken in despair,
Drives idly, like a friendless outcast thing
Which still survives the world's abandoning:

Where are her sails—her serried tiers' display—
Her helm—her wide flag's emblem'd blazonry—
Her crew of fiery spirits—where are they?

Far scattered groups, dejected, hurried, tread
The beach in silence, where the shipwreck'd dead
Lie stiff and strain'd: among them (humbling
thought!)

They seek their friends—yet shrink from what
they sought,
As on some corpse the eye, recoiling, fell—
Tho' livid, swollen—but recognized too well!

Apart, disturb'd in spirit, breathless, pale—
Her upbound tresses floating on the gale—
A Maiden hasten'd on:—across her way,
As tho' he slept, a lifeless sailor lay:
She paused, and gazed a moment—shudder'd,
sank

Beside that victim on the wave-wash'd bank—
Bent shivering lips to press his haggard cheek,
But started backward with a loathing shriek!
Fond wretch! thy half-averted eyes discover
The cold and bloodless aspect of the Lover!

Their tale is brief. The youth was one of those
Who spurn the thought of safety or repose
Whilst Peril stalks the deep: where'er display'd,
The flag which cues for succour has their aid—
The foe-man's or the friend's—no pausing then
To question who implore them—they are men!
A noble race—and, tho' unfamed, unknown,
A race that England should be proud to own!
He, with a few as generously brave,
Had heard the death-wail rising from the wave,
And in an ill-starr'd moment sought to save.
The life-bent reach'd the foundering ship—her
crew

With greedy haste secured the rope it threw;
And, in the wild avidity for life,
Rush'd reeling in: alas, that fatal strife
But seal'd their doom! the flashing billows roar
Above their heads—one pang—they strove no
more!

He did not love unloved; for she who prest
That clay-cold hand so madly to her breast,
Believed his vows; and but for Fortune's scorn
Young Love had smiled on this their bridal morn:
But oh, his years are few who hath not felt
That, while we grasp, the rainbow bliss will
melt;

That hopes, like clouds which gleam across the
moon,
Soon pass away, and lose their light as soon!
The weltering mass she folds, but yesternight
Heaved warm with life—his rayless eye was
bright:

And she whose cheek the rose of rapture spread,
Raves now a maniac—widow'd, yet unweid:
And reckless wanderings take the place of woe—
She fancies joys that glow not, nor can glow;
Breathes in a visionary world, and weaves
A web of bliss—scarce false than deceives
The reasoning heart: oft sings and weeps; and
now

Entwines a sea-weed garland for her brow,
And says it is a marriage wreath. Meanwhile
Her calm yague look will dawn into a smile,
As something met her eye none else should see:
She folds her hands, and bends imploringly
To sue its stay;—with wilder gesture turns,
And clasps her head, and cries—"It burns, it
burns!"

Then, shakes as if her heart were ice. — Not long
The soul, the frame, could brook such bitter
wrong:

Beside her lover's that distracted head
Rests cold and calm—the grave their bridal bed.
EUSTACE.

EPIGRAM.

On reading in a Morning Paper, that a young
Nobleman had lost his life through having his
Stays laced too TIGHT.

Ye Dandies, take heed while your Stays ye are
placing,
Unless you've a fancy to die of—a lacing,
Which most of you merit, I know;
Be careful—remember, while yet ye have breath,
Ere *Jenny Jumps* deals your undignified death,
If too fond of staying, you go.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

No. XXI.

DELICATE DISTINCTIONS.

That in the Captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Measure for Measure.

'Tis the temptation of the devil,
That makes all human actions evil:
For saints may do the same things by
The spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do—
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the saints and wicked vary.—*Hudibras*

"How sorry I was to see Lady——'s
name in print," said Lady Leonora Ogle
the other day. "I knew of her unfortunate
attachment to the Colonel long ago.
One can hardly blame her: she ought to
have been married to the Colonel; but
he was too poor. The attachment has
subsisted for ten years. How unlucky
that it should have been exposed at last.
She is much to be pitied." "And her
Lord?" said I—"Oh! the nasty disagreeable
creature!"

Oh! ho! cried I to myself, rubbing
my forehead, I was right never
to have married. This is a delicate
distinction, indeed, only fitted for high
life. An illicit intercourse is called, in
the circles of haut ton, an *unfortunate
attachment*! and, because the lady has
dishonoured her husband for years, 'tis
a pity that she should be found out! She
can hardly be blamed for marrying a
man whom she hates, because he is rich!
nor for making him a cloak for her sins,
because her lover is handsomer and
poorer than he!—and he is not to be
pitied, because, irritated by well-grounded
suspicion, he becomes a disagreeable
creature! Very pretty indeed!

A moment after, a very elegant young
man entered the drawing-room. He
played off all the airs of an *Esquisse* of
the world, looked grave and interesting,
sighed, complained of ennui, of his un-

lucky stars, again looked interesting, and made his visit short. "I saw you in the King's Road, with you know who, yesterday," said she at parting. "No! did you?" replied he in a silvery tone, "I'm always seen by somebody; I am an unfortunate devil. Adieu! *au revoir*."

"I do like that young man," exclaimed she, with much emphasis. "Indeed every body likes him, but his frump of a wife. I wonder how he could have sold himself to a lump of warehouse vulgarity, and of riches picked up in the dirt. The daughter of a Packer to aspire to such a man as that! or to conceive for a moment that he could like her! He is desperately attached to Mrs. ****, and I fear that there will be a *blow up* ere it be long. I have no patience with his jealous-pated spouse, who torments the poor fellow to death."

"And you pity him too?" said I. "I do," concluded her Ladyship, "from the bottom of my heart." Another nice distinction. A common man, who squandered his wife's means, treated her with scorn, and lived with another woman, would be reckoned a vagabond and a reprobate, and the case of the honest woman of a wife would be commiserated; but here the wife is blamed for not submitting gracefully and genteelly to adultery; and her presumption is excessive in expecting any thing else from so elegant a man.

Riding in the Park, I fell in with **** of the Guards. We took a turn or two, and met George Rackrent. "I am astonished," said I, "at seeing him about again. I understood that he was in prison, and that he had not a shilling left in the world out of his large fortune.—What an imprudent man he has been!" "True," said the bold Captain; "but I'm happy to tell you that he is now as fresh as ever; he has quite made a recover; he is brought round, and lives as comfortably as any man, and in pretty good style. He has taken the benefit; and has moreover been very lucky at play of late. I rather (with great emphasis and elongation on the *ra-ther*, which he spoke in a low tone, and divided into two distinct syllables)—I rather think that he has been put up; but I assure you he is as goodnatured and generous a fellow as ever lived; and in spite of all his misfortunes, he has not lost a friend, nor does he owe a gaming debt in the world."

Here's discrimination for you! He throws away his own fortune in gambling, in horse-racing, and in all sorts of debauchery; he pays his gaming debts in preference, and to the exclusion of

his banker, his wine-merchant, his tailor, his butcher, and a host of minor creditors, who may be ruined by such conduct on his part; he degrades himself by taking the benefit of the insolvent act; he sets up in good style, instead of making an effort to be honest; he learns to cheat at cards and at dice; and yet, because he prefers fleecing strangers to not satisfying his friends, who, very likely, have little to lose, or may be up themselves, he is a good-natured, generous fellow! nay, an honourable one, although it is rather thought that he lives by plunder! What would be thought of a tradesman, who lived beyond his means and above his sphere; then cheated his creditors; and afterwards subsisted by fraudulent practices?

This delicate distinction is something like my cousin Tom calling himself an *old soldier*, because he had learned to sell a horse for more than it was worth, to take advantage of a novice at billiards, to play a good hand at whist; and because he received obligations of every one, without returning any,—such as sponging upon a greenhorn, sharing the extravagance of a profligate, betting with the odds in his favour, and hoaxing the ignorant in all gentlemanly ways. Quære, Whether this is not being not only very unlike a soldier, but very like a rogue?

Lastly, a female servant came to Lady Leonora to be hired, on another morning when I was present. Her Ladyship asked her why she left her last place. "Why, my Lady," said she, "honestly and candidly, I must confess that I had a misfortune." "Then," said her Ladyship, sternly, "you will not suit me, for I cannot encourage vice." I expostulated with her Ladyship; and assured her that the misfortune of being married without priest, form, or ceremony, was just as natural as her other friends' *four pas*, and that I should have expected her Ladyship's pity on this occasion just as charitably and extensively as on the former. But her Ladyship made a very nice distinction betwixt the orders of society, with the view of convincing me, that there was all the difference in the world.

Thus vice in the vulgar herd, is error in persons of quality; an adulterous intercourse in low life, is an unfortunate *tendre* in high life; extravagance in people of humble birth, is mere want of order in people of fashion; dishonesty of the inferior classes, is thoughtlessness in their betters; and robbing with dice in your hand instead of with a pistol on

the highway, provided it be done in the higher circles, is only a little manœuvring—being awake, put up, or down as a nail, for which (with change of person, place and instrument) a wretched fellow creature might be put up, upon a high post, or be put down in some dreary dungeon. When one hears these nice distinctions, one cannot help thinking of the song in the Beggar's Opera—

"Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we ha'nt better company
Upon Tyburn Tree?"

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

CONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH AT GUTZKOW.

When Bishop Otto introduced Christianity into Pomerania, and among other towns visited Gutzkow, he found there a magnificent heathen temple; he had it pulled down, and a Christian church erected. When the new Church was to be consecrated, Count Mitzlaff, the lord of the town and district, appeared at the ceremony. The Bishop spoke to him, saying, "O, Sir! this consecration is nothing, unless thou and thy whole people consecrate yourselves to God." The Count replied, "What shall I do more? I have been baptized at Usedom. What do you require farther of me?" Otto spoke: "See! thou hast many prisoners, taken in war, whom thou detainest for their ransom, and there are Christians among them. Release them, and rejoice them this day in honour of Christ, and the consecration of this Church." Hereupon Mitzlaff ordered all the Christians among the prisoners to be brought forth and set at liberty. Then the Bishop took courage and continued: "The Heathens, too, are our brethren; release them also at my entreaty; I will baptize them, and lead them to our Saviour." Then the Count ordered the Heathens also to be brought, and the Bishop baptized them, and every eye was bedewed with tears.

When it was now thought that all the prisoners were released, and they were going to proceed with the consecration of the Church, the servants were to bring salt, wine, and ashes, which were wanted for the ceremony. But there were no ashes, they having been forgotten. So some of the servants ran to fetch ashes. They went into the first, and into the second house in the neighbourhood, and found nothing. While they were seeking in the third house, they heard under ground a man lamenting and groaning; and on asking, learned that it was a Dane of high rank, who was kept as a hostage for 500 marks of silver, which his father owed to the Count, for injury done him. They informed the Bishop, who would willingly have begged for him, but dared not, on account of the magnitude of the injury. How could he still farther trouble the noble Count! But Mitzlaff, heard the whispering, and inquired; then the servants

said softly, "Sir, the Dane!" At this the Count started, and it cost him a great effort; yet he exclaimed, "He is my worst enemy, and should make me ample atonement, but to-day I will regard no loss. Be it so: Release the Dane also, and may God be gracious to me." Then they fetched the prisoner, and placed him in his chains by the altar, and Otto pronounced the benediction.

THE DRAMA.

Rose d'Amour, ou Le Petit Chaperon Rouge, which has for some time been a favourite piece in the French capital, is now performing with no less success at the Theatres in the Netherlands. The Journals speak of it as the chef d'œuvre of Boyeldieu, the favourite composer of the Loves and the Graces. The success of the *Petit Chaperon Rouge* has equalled, if not surpassed, that of *Joconde*.

A translation of this piece is, we are informed, getting up with great splendour at Covent Garden, for Christmas.

OTHELLO.

MY DEAR MISS JULIA,

You are a clever young Lady, and an admirer of Mr. Young, who is very particularly a Gentleman. Othello, however, is I think a very different sort of gentleman, and this I will endeavour to show in the course of a few observations, which I propose making upon your letter.

You say, "How admirably Young gave the character of the Moor." Mr. Young is decidedly the most elegant man upon the stage, and I think the finest declaimer; but I do not consider impassioned tragedy to be his forte. You say, "there's but one moment in which he (Othello) forgets himself," and you bring forward in support of his self-control instances only before the spirit of jealousy commences its formidable operations. If you mean by "forgetting" himself, that he does not give way to the impulses of passion, I must beg to differ from you. What do you think of his seizing Iago by the throat, and requiring evidence of his wife's guilt, in the third act, with all the fury of a lunatic? What do you think of his raving in the fourth act about the handkerchief, and falling into a trance from the violence of his agitation? What do you think of his striking his wife? This fact you have allowed; but it is not a "momentary" piece of fury. All his language throughout the scene is coarse and furious. Do you remember his expressions? "Fire and brimstone!" "O devil, devil," &c. Lodovico asks, is "this the noble nature, whom passion could not shake?" and again, "Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?" In the second scene of the fourth act he questions Desdemona in language that a trull would almost blush at. In the fifth act Desdemona says, "Some bloody passion shakes your very frame; these are portents—"

and afterwards he bursts out, when talking of Cassio, "Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge had stomach for them all." At one time (third act) he says, "I'll tear her all to pieces." At another (in the fourth) "I'll chop her into messes." Again, "Let her rot, and perish and be damned to-night;" and finally, he smothers her. If all this is not evidence of the most powerful passions, I do not understand what passion is: fifty other passages might be adduced. You say you have not seen Kean? Go and see him. You will find him as temperate as he ought to be in the earlier part of the play; but as soon as he is poisoned by the venom of jealousy, his calmness is given to the winds. Then he stands forth, a fiery and implacable Moor, tossed about by the tempest of his passions, which are at last only cheered and tranquillized by blood. Admiring as I do Mr. Young in many things, I am sorry to see him brought into comparison with Mr. Kean, who, in Othello, is so decidedly superior. In Cassius, I can admire Mr. Young, and also in Macbeth and Hamlet. His vision of the dagger is certainly finer than that either of Kemble or Kean; though Kean outstrips them both in the scene where he returns from the murder. It is more especially in meditative characters, and in instances where man's nature is not rudely impelled, that Mr. Young, I think, excels; but in Othello and Richard III. there is a degree of constraint, as if he were doing violence to the gentility of his nature.—Are you satisfied, Miss Julia, with this commendation of your friend Young?—With respect to the handkerchief, "much may be said on both sides;" but a weekly paper cannot afford much space for discussion. This may be said, however: If Othello knew or thought that the handkerchief was enchanted, it was at best but a selfish gift, and I should be sorry to believe it. Its being a fabrication may be more easily excused, for then his blood was inflamed, and he a perfect madman, anxious to detect any thing by any means. When he gave the handkerchief he was cool, and, as Iago tells us, "noble" and "unsuspicious." If the handkerchief was charmed, he was both suspicious and selfish, and my respect for him would accordingly diminish. This is not, however, by any means a clear point.

I interpret the expression of "she wished that heaven had made her such a man," in the coarser sense. It forms part of the "hint" upon which Othello "spoke." I am sorry for this, for Desdemona's sake; but when young Ladies give hints, they are generally pretty plain ones.

I am your humble Servant,

SENEC.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Referring to the different opinions given in Julia's production of Saturday last, upon the performance of Othello, I must beg to say a word. I cannot agree with the 'female critics,' that the present ornament of the stage (I believe Miss O'Neill played Desdemona the night alluded to)

can, in her performance, be either 'hoydenish,' 'wheedling,' or 'common-place.' I saw her once in the character, and she appeared to me to solicit the favour of Cassio's re-institution with all the playful goodness of a noble mind, and a natural wish to reconcile two friends to their former good opinion of each other. She also (to me) depicted her disappointment with much truth; her air, countenance, and action, corresponded with the 'gentle Desdemona,' although 'she wonders in her soul, what he could ask her that she would deny,'—yet buoyed up by this assurance of Othello's—"that it should be done the sooner, sweet, for you,"—and, "let him come when he will; I will deny thee nothing."

I perfectly agree with Miss R. and think Mr. Young's performance a living picture of Shakspeare's Moor. There should not be any 'glowing irregularities,' 'depths,' and 'colourings,' in Mr. Kean's style; this might do very well with such a character as Bajazet. Shakspeare's Moor, says Dr. Johnson, is magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge. This character must appear correct to any one acquainted with the tragedy; and Young's delineation is generally allowed to follow close to this rule.

I cannot agree with the fair speaker, to wonder how any European could marry one of these 'shadowy beings.' This might cause some wonder certainly in England, were a fair woman to marry a Black: but we must recollect, in some parts of Europe females are dark, and some Africans are fairer than others; and there is no mention of Othello being an absolute African Negro. Add to this, Desdemona saw his 'visage in his mind,'—his honours and his sufferings she loved and pitied. I cannot see any thing in his character to justify the terms,—'Infidel,'—'Mahometan,'—the 'African plunged in gloom, mystery, and superstition.'—Of the latter, certainly he seems to have a taint.

Before I speak of the handkerchief, it is necessary to examine some scenes relative to it. In Act III. Scene 3, Iago has been questioning Othello, if he did not give his wife a handkerchief spotted with strawberries. And again, such a one did he (Iago) see Cassio wipe his beard with. In an earlier part of the same scene, Emilia says—

She so loves the token,
(For he conjured her, she would ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to.

There is no proof of his demanding this handkerchief, on account of its charmed qualities, with any subtle intention to pry into his wife's actions:—in fact, he does not ask for this particular handkerchief, his demand is—

I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me:
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Upon Desdemona's producing another, instead of that which was her constant,

companion, the tale Iago has just before been telling him, flashed on his mind, and he then demands, as a proof to what he has heard,

That which I gave you.

There is little doubt that the following description of it was purposely ostentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. He holds the handkerchief in veneration, no doubt, but I do not think in the light of an absolutely charmed one, gifted with peculiar magic properties. It is a fact, heightened by poetical imagery. Whalley, in his *Commentaries on Shakspeare*, says—"It is the practice in Eastern regions, for persons of both sexes to carry handkerchiefs very curiously wrought. And the custom is thus described by Sir John Chardin:—The mode of wrought handkerchiefs is general in Arabia, Syria, Palestine, and generally in all the Turkish empire. They are wrought with a needle, which is the amusement of the fair sex there. The young women make them for their fathers, brothers, and by way of preparation beforehand for their spouses, bestowing them as favours on their lovers. They have them constantly in their hands in those warm countries, to wipe off perspiration." It would seem from this, that a simple pocket handkerchief was considered in some countries a gift of particular favour, from a lady to her lover; and why not from a lover to his mistress? She was not careless of it, either; she dropped it, and forgot it at the moment, being absorbed in care for her husband's pain upon the forehead. She expresses, shortly after, her concern to Emilia, wondering where she could have lost it.

With respect to the last question in Julia's communication, Whether Desdemona wishes that Heaven had made her such a man, or such a lover? I think is completely ambiguous. Upon reading Othello's round unvarnished tale, and coming to the passage—

She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man.

One would say, she meant that Heaven had made *her* such a man. That is, a man of renowned greatness, a warrior, a man similar to himself, instead of having made her a woman. Yet the next line confounds us by saying,

—If I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her.

Othello was partial to her, no doubt, at this time; no wonder then he caught at a remark of so complex a meaning, capable of being turned immediately to his advantage. I am inclined to think, she did not mean it exactly as a hint for him to make love to her; this would, in my opinion, be showing a duplicity, a grossness of mind unallied to the character of the gentle Desdemona,—

A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself.

Her meaning more probably was, that if any man loved her, and there was any vari-

ance betwixt them; upon the bare recital of such a tale, it, of itself, would be sufficient to win her affections: or, more properly, if any one could tell it as Othello did, it would be sufficient to win her love.

The question alluded to is of sufficient nature to call forth a deal of argument, both pro and con; and after all, prove of no avail in convincing. It seems to have escaped the eyes of the various commentators; therefore one would conceive it was not of much consequence; however, I should like to hear some votary of Shakspeare give his opinion upon it, for the benefit of the admirers of the immortal Bard.

B***.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

MR. EDITOR,

When we find observations made by others that have escaped ourselves, upon any subject of which we have an equal opportunity of judging, we are naturally induced to examine the grounds upon which they are formed, from a consciousness that, unless we detect them to be ill-founded and inappropriate, we shall be obliged to allow our own want of discernment, and submit, in point of judgment, to those whose acuteness has remarked what has passed unnoticed by ourselves. As such a conclusion must be in a high degree humiliating to our pride, inquiries of this nature are generally productive of no satisfactory result, and it is indeed to be apprehended that too many, both of men and women—

Convinc'd against their will,

Will (*profess*) the same opinions still.

The above reflections were suggested by reading the criticisms of your correspondent Julia; some of whose remarks were indeed entirely new to me. Where the imagination is delighted, there is more particularly ground for suspecting that the judgment may be led astray. I have, accordingly, attentively re-considered those circumstances in the representation of Othello, by which the imagination being most delighted, the judgment might be considered most in danger. Whether the opinions I still retain be the result of obstinacy or conviction, I leave, Mr. Editor, to your decision.

We are not to suppose that the fair critics intended to find fault with Miss O'Neill's general delineation of the character of Desdemona. It would be going out of our way, therefore, to point out beauties, when our aim is to obviate a particular objection. The fair ladies appear to have expected the manifestation of "some surprise and disappointment upon Othello's evading an immediate compliance with her 'first' request." Where is this warranted in Shakspeare? I believe the ladies, "who appear to have been in love," have been kind enough here to make up in imagination what the Poet wants in sensibility. Cassio considered his fortunes desperate, and as such applied to Desdemona as the only likely means of "being put into his place again." She, "holding it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is

requested," readily undertakes to "splinter this broken joint between him and her husband." She is aware, however, that "the wars must make examples out of their best," and, therefore, though she relies upon her influence with the Moor, and its being "not almost a fault to incur a private check," in time, in a short time, perhaps, to "have her lord and him again as friendly as they were," it does not appear that she had then any expectation of having her request immediately acceded to, and consequently could not be offended at its being only slightly evaded.

—My lord shall never rest;

I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;

I'll intermingle ev'ry thing he does

With Cassio's suit.

Upon such a consideration of the case, Miss O'Neill stands, I think, exculpated from this charge of her fair critics.—"Wheedling, hoydenish, and commonplace," are the other epithets applied to this delightful actress's delineation of the scene before us. Julia need not have informed us that it was not the male critics who pronounced the decision. Desdemona appears to be aware that her husband's severity towards Cassio arose from a sense of duty and necessity, since, had he followed the dictates of inclination alone, he needed no other inducements than his private partiality for the man, to have immediately restored him to his confidence and friendship. She, therefore, at first only undertakes to repair the breach in their private friendship, when, afterwards induced by Cassio's entreaties to attempt "his being put into his place again," sensible of the impropriety of her interference, she is obliged to make use of the best means of making the Moor's inclination preponderate over his duty. The circumstances which she chooses as most likely to operate to this effect, are very happily thrown together by the Poet, and, I should think, as happily managed by the actress. If ever those charms, which Anacreon describes as being a more than sufficient compensation to woman for her deficiency in strength, were ably exerted to subdue man to herself, it was in Miss O'Neill's delineation of the scene we are considering. Having shewn the necessity for the blandishments she made use of, I trust the propriety and beauty of that lady's acting will be allowed; and remain, Sir,

Yours, &c.

TERENTIUS.

I can see no reason for giving a different sense to the passage,—

She wish'd

That Heav'n had made her such a man;
from that in which it is usually received. Desdemona had unconsciously fallen in love with Othello. Disparity of years, and country, precluded all idea of an union. And she had no conception of her being in love with the person, while she was struck with admiration at the character. She,

therefore, wishes, in his hearing, that Heaven had made her such a lover! And bade him, if he had a friend that lov'd her, he would but teach him how to tell his tale, and that would woo her. The sentiment, so considered, has a wonderful simplicity and beauty.

VARIETIES

BUST OF HER MAJESTY.

The Artist's name, who is the author of this bust, has come before the public on many national occasions; and this month, last year, we had to record a work by him, (the bust of the Princess Charlotte,) rendered, in like manner, deeply interesting by the death of the lamented original. We have now, with painful reference, to mention the bust of Turnerelli, as the artist who has been honoured with sittings to complete the only bust (we believe) of her late Majesty. And what will render this production the more interesting, we are assured that in giving lessons to her Majesty, at Frogmore, at the time of the Jubilee in 1809, she actually wrought at part of it. The bust represents her as the *Alma Mater*, with a veil, which covers the back part of her head, and folds loosely over the shoulders. Round her neck are rows of beads, and an embroidered tippet, and in front suspended a medallion of His Majesty. We consider the likeness spirited and impressive, considering the period at which it was modelled.

DECEMBER.—December was called *win-ter-monat*, by the Saxons, but after they were converted to Christianity, it received the name of *heligh-monat*, or holy month.

Remarkable days.

6th. St. Nicholas. Nicholas was Bishop of Myra, in Lycia, and died about the year 392.—8th. Conception of the Virgin Mary. This festival was instituted by Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, because William the Conqueror's fleet, having been attacked by a storm, afterwards came safe to shore.—13th. Saint Lucy. This Virgin Martyr was born at Syracuse, and died in the year 305.—21st. Saint Thomas the Apostle.—25th. Christmas-day. The feast of our Saviour's Nativity.—26th. Saint Stephen.—27th. Saint John the Evangelist.—28th. Innocents. The slaughter of the Jewish children, by Herod, is commemorated on this day. The celebration of this festival is of great antiquity, for Tertullian and Saint Cyrian both call these innocents Martyrs.—31st. Saint Silvester. Silvester was Bishop of Rome, and succeeded Mil-tiades in the papacy, in 314. He died in 334.

Appearances of the Heavens in December 1818.

The latitude of the Moon, on the 1st, is five degrees nine minutes in the twenty-sixth degree of the tenth sign; it decreaseth to the 8th, on which day she passes the ecliptic, in her ascending node, in the twenty-eighth degree of the first sign. Her latitude then increases to the 15th, being

at midnight five degrees four minutes in the thirteenth degree of the fourth sign; and it decreaseth to the 23d, when she passes the ecliptic in her descending node, about thirty-five minutes before one in the morning, in the twenty-eighth degree of the ninth sign. Her southern latitude increases to the 28th, and then decreases to the end of the month, being, on the last, at midnight, three degrees thirty-seven minutes in the eleventh degree of the twelfth sign.

Mercury is at his greatest elongation on the 22d, and is an evening star during the whole of the month.

Venus is in her inf. conjunction on the 26th, and is, till that time, an evening star.

Mars is a morning star.

Jupiter an evening star.

Herschel is in conjunction on the 12th. He is too near the Sun, the whole of the month, to be subjected to observation. The Moon passes him on the 26th.

YORKSHIRE BITES.—A picture-dealer, selling his pictures by an exhibition, at the Town Hall of Doncaster, about three years ago, had, among other performances, the following subject, according to his catalogue: "A view in Italy, by A. Carracci, with a figure of John the Baptist, baptizing in the River JORDAN"!!!

A shopkeeper at Doncaster, had, for his virtues, obtained the name of *the Little Rascal*. A stranger asked him, why this appellation was given him? "To distinguish me from the rest of my trade, quoth he, who are all *Great Rascals*."

"Sir," observed a publican, of the same place, to a man notorious for never speaking truth, "you have taken away my character." "How so?" said the other, "I never mentioned your name in my life." "No matter for that," rejoined Boniface; "before you came here I was reckoned the greatest liar of the place."

Two would-be wits, passing through a market where some very lean carcases were hanging up, one of them exclaimed, "Surely we must be immortal! we are not going the way of *all flesh*!"—To which his companion replied, "Tush! *De mortuis nil nisi Bone-um!*"

Tompson, the most celebrated watch-maker of his day, was accosted, in Moor-fields, by a brother of the trade, who, after the usual salutations, and inquiries about business, said, "I believe, Mr. Tompson, you and I are the two most distinguished men of our profession in existence."—"Indeed!" exclaimed Tompson, who knew nothing of the individual's abilities. "Yes," was the reply; "You are, of all watch-makers, the best, and I am the worst."

Dr. Jackson, Bishop of Oxford, and his brother, Dr. Cyril Jackson, late Dean of Christchurch, made a resolution that they would neither of them publish any thing beyond a sermon; to which they have closely adhered, though both have shewn themselves to be men of extraordinary abilities, and would have shone among the brightest stars of the literary hemisphere.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

CONTENTS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS FOR NOVEMBER 1818.

Pottinger's Travels in Beloochistan and Sind, reviewed by M. Silvestre de Sacy.—On the Baptist Missions in India, by M. Abel Remusat.—Fuero Juzgo, in Latin and Castilian, by M. Raynouard.—R. Morrison's View of China, by M. A. Remusat.—M. Paget de Baure, *Essai Historique sur le Bearx*, by M. Daunon.—Mines of the East, Vol. V. by M. Silvestre de Sacy.—Cicognara; History of Sculpture. Vol. III. by M. Quatremère de Quincy.—M. Sil. Crotta, *Mémoires on the Government of Venice*, by M. Daunon.—Biagioli's Edition of Dante, by M. Raynouard.—Explanations of a passage of Strabo, by M. Letronne.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER.

Thursday, 19—Thermometer from 41 to 48. Barometer from 30, 23 to 30, 21. Wind S. E.—Morning hazy, the rest of the day clear.
Friday, 20—Thermometer from 37 to 49. Barometer from 30, 13 to 30, 00. Wind E. E.—Clear.
Saturday, 21—Thermometer from 38 to 43. Barometer from 29, 93 to 29, 96. Wind E. and SE. E.—Cloudy.
Sunday, 22—Thermometer from 33 to 40. Barometer from 29, 96 to 29, 90. Wind E. E.—Cloudy.
Monday, 23—Thermometer from 34 to 55. Barometer from 29, 74 to 29, 80. Wind S. E.—Morning rainy, the rest of the day clear.—Rain fallen, 05 of an inch.
Tuesday, 24—Thermometer from 43 to 52. Barometer from 29, 92 to 30, 09. Wind SE. and WBS. E.—Morning rainy, the rest of the day clear. Rain fallen, 125 of an inch.
Wednesday, 25—Thermometer from 36 to 43. Barometer from 30, 27 to 30, 30. Wind S. E.—Foggy till evening, when it became clear; a white frost in the morning. Ice strong on the grass, but found none on puddles.
On Thursday, December 3rd, at 5 hours 18 minutes 20 seconds, clock time, the 1st Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication respecting *Bow Church* was received, but seemed to enter too much into PARISH BUSINESS for our columns, which are essentially scientific and literary, and only varied in a slight degree by sketches of life, anecdotes, and lighter reading.

Being pledged not only to confine our advertisements to Literature and the Arts, but also to limit them to two pages; we beg to state that those which are omitted in the present Number, or may be hereafter, are postponed on the principle of regular rotation, as we shall most impartially insert every advertisement in the order, and according to the date it is received.

ERRATUM in Literary Gazette, No. 96, page 743, col. 2, for Asilar read Antar,

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MANDEVILLE; a Domestic Story of the Seventeenth Century in England. By WM. GODWIN.

And the waters of that fountain were bitter; and they said, Let the name of it be called Marah.—Ezek. ch. xv.
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Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh.

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For why I because the good old rule,
 Sufficeth them; the simple plan,
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 And they should keep who can.—Wordsworth.

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